

HAWAIIAN YOUTH

MANY NATIONALITIES

HAWAIIAN, ENGLISH,
CHINESE, JAPANESE,
PORTUGUESE, KOREAN

ONE GUIDE BOOK
The Word of God

ONE AIM

A Sunday School in Every District.
Every Man, Woman and Child in
the Sunday School.

ONE LEADER

"One Is Your Master Even Christ"



AN EVENTIDE STUDY IN CHILD NATURE.

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1908

No. 3

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF HAWAII
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"WHY ORGANIZED S. S. WORK."

International General Secretary Marion Lawrence's Address Before Rome Delegates at Boston.

I am not a doctor, but since our Chairman has introduced me as one I will endeavor to live up to the profession and tell you the highest duty a doctor can perform. A doctor renders his best services when he renders his services unnecessary.

For the few minutes I have tonight I desire to represent as well as I may the magnificent committee of ninety-six men, known as the International Executive Committee, presided over by your greatly beloved and distinguished townsman, beloved wherever Sunday-Schools are loved, W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, and containing in its membership one man from every State, Province, Territory and County in and belonging to North America, including the Islands of Hawaii, whose representative is in this audience tonight. This committee has a great purpose. Not one member receives any remuneration whatever, as the Lesson Committee receives no remuneration, but serves simply for the love of the work and with the principle, "The love of Christ constraineth me." This and this alone is the motive power behind it all, and the purpose is as distinct as the daylight.

I would like to represent the Executive Committee tonight as an archer, ready with a great good bow and with a quiver full of arrows; every arrow to be shot at the bull's eye of the target, and every arrow with a name. Every one of these arrows is pointed with truth and feathered with love. May I draw a few of these arrows out of the quiver and give you their names.

First, there is the arrow of Co-operation. We desire to shoot that arrow into the very farthest part of our great field, and it has gone there. In the second place, we have the arrow of House Visitation. When this arrow reaches the mark, no man can say that "No man careth for my soul." Again we have the arrow of Stimulation, the arrow of Education, the arrow of Evangelization, the arrow that is marked, "Get the Last One," the arrow

that is marked, "More Sunday-Schools," the arrow that is marked, "Bigger Sunday-schools," the arrow that is marked, "Better Sunday-schools." Then we have the arrow that is marked "The Right Kind of Lessons, adapted to all ages, the arrow that is marked "Supplemental Lessons," that they may learn more than what is prescribed by our Lesson Committee, choice as it is. There is another arrow marked "Intelligent Bible Study"; another arrow marked "The Adult Department"; another arrow marked "Organized Classes"; another arrow marked "The Home Department," the father of which is in the audience tonight; another arrow that is marked "The Cradle Roll," and still another that is to be shot after all the others, right into the bull's eye of our target, the arrow of "Salvation," which stands for the saving of all the scholars and bringing into the church all the members of the Sunday-school. We believe that all of our Sunday-schools should teach first of all toward Jesus Christ, and then toward the church to which the Sunday-school belongs.

Our organization does not stand in any way for organic union. It stands for co-operation, not competition. There are the arrows of "Ideal Building," of "Suitable Equipment," of "Proper Recognition"; the arrows of "Decision Day, Rally Day and Installation Day." Then we pull out the arrow of "Temperance," of "Good Citizenship," and of "Missionary Instruction." We pull out of our quiver the arrow of "Systematic Giving," the arrow of "Fraternity," the arrow of "Fellowship," and the arrow of "Goodwill." It is the purpose of this great committee to shoot these arrows into the very bull's-eye of the target, and they use always and ever the same good bow, and that bow is "Organized Sunday-school work."

Friends, there is no other agency or agencies that will place these arrows, and all the others in the quiver, where they ought to be so quickly, so cheaply, and so effectively as "Organized Sunday-school Work," through its fifteen thousand Sunday School Conventions every year, held in every corner of our land. That is the why of "Organized Sunday-school Work."

HAWAIIAN YOUTH

Published Monthly in the Interests of the Sunday School Association of Hawaii

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WANTED—A friend in every village and community to introduce the "HAWAIIAN YOUTH" into every home where English is read.

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VOL. I

PAIA, MAUI, T. H., JANUARY, 1908

No. 3

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

One of Maltbie Babcock's verses for the New Year was Phil. 4:6.—
"In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." The old version read, "Be careful for nothing." Careful means full of unnecessary care—crossing rivers before we reach them—worrying.

This is a good word for all our Island Sunday Schools. If we are inclined to grow discouraged because the work of the Schools does not seem to progress as fast as we would wish, let us remember that we are to take no anxious thought. This does not mean that we are to take no deep, prayerful thought. Too long this all important work has received little or no intelligent thought. "In nothing be anxious" "but, be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."

"But in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Does not that all inclusive word "in everything" put us to shame? That means there is nothing about which we can not pray. May the year 1908 be characterized in all of our schools as a year of prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." One more word in this New Year's text must be noticed—"With thanksgiving." Did you ever think how much our Sunday Schools have, for which to be thankful?

Let that gratitude enter our prayers as we pray for greater mercies than our beloved Islands have yet known. "Anxious for nothing, Prayerful for everything, Thankful for anything," is the HAWAIIAN YOUTH's New Year's wish for all of its friends.

WANTED: YOUR FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

Have you taken the trouble to send in your name and subscription to the HAWAIIAN YOUTH? We think possibly you have not. Perhaps the smallness of the subscription price—25 cents—has caused you to overlook this important duty and privilege. Now this is unfortunate for the YOUTH, which needs 500 paid-up subscribers before it can be admitted through the mails as second-class matter.

We think our many friends of the Sunday School work in the Islands will realize the situation, and will promptly come to the rescue. It was a great pleasure to receive last week a list of forty subscribers from one Sunday School. If all our schools were as energetic as this one, our way would be made easier. No one realizes better than ourselves how limited is our English speaking field, hence the necessity for everyone helping.

The YOUTH is your magazine. If it is not all you would like to see it, help us to make it such. It's a great work!

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 22, 1907.
To the Editor of the HAWAIIAN YOUTH:

Dear Brother Turner:—Please accept my heartiest congratulations upon the youngest of the growing family of state papers representing the organized Sunday School work,—HAWAIIAN YOUTH. In appearance, in spirit, in contents he is the peer of all the family. He has

come to the work in Hawaii at a time of great importance. The Sunday School has just begun to realize the greatness of its mission—in my faith the greatest department of service for every church of whatever name or creed. "Whatever you would have appear in the life of the next generation must be incorporated in the child life of to-day."

This is an unquestioned law of human progress and is especially true of moral and religious principles. How fast changes come, however! It is only a few years ago that Mrs. Merritt and I were teaching the youth of Hawaii, but for years they have been among the social, business, and some of them the political leaders of the Islands.

The great work of secular and religious education is to successively and progressively stamp upon the life and character of each generation the loftiest ideals for their highest achievements. Make of the HAWAIIAN YOUTH a very herald of righteousness and Christlike attainment to every boy and girl of Hawaii nei.

Very cordially yours,
W. C. MERRITT.

The Sunday School of the Makawao Foreign Church.

The spiritual life of any church can be measured largely by the life of its Sunday School. If a church has learned the great lesson of service, it has a live Sunday School; if it has never learned this lesson,

it is well on its way towards its own grave.

The Sunday School of the Makawao Foreign Church shows some signs of life, although it is far from that state of perfection which is always to be our aim. Under the efficient leadership of D. B. Murdoch, its Superintendent, and under the quiet inspiration of the Church's Pastor Emeritus, Dr. E. G. Beckwith, who, though over four score years of age, is rarely absent, the school is in a healthy condition. The aim of the school is not so much quantity, for it can never hope to be a large school, as it is quality. This school, under Mrs. F. M. Simpson, was one of the first in the Islands to introduce the Cradle Roll. This department has a large membership.

The Beginners—Primary Department—finds twelve or more little people present every Sunday, with Mrs. Bowen as teacher. Award cards for attendance are being used to good purpose. Miss Louise Pratt has a large class in the Junior Department while in the Intermediate and Senior Departments there are four well filled classes with Mrs. D. C. Lindsay, Mrs. W. D. McConkey, Miss Olive Steele and D. B. Murdoch as teachers. The presence of thirty of the older Maunaolu Seminary girls help to swell these classes as well as to add enthusiasm to the whole school. For some years a well attended Bible Class has been maintained among the Adults. The different members of this class alternate as teachers. Every mem-

ber of the Congregation not otherwise in Sunday School ought to be in this class.

The aim of the school is:

"Every member present every Sunday, on time, with his own Bible, a liberal offering, a studied lesson and a mind to learn."

The School has recently begun the use of Marion Lawrance's Opening and Closing Exercises, which it finds very helpful and inspiring.

The Supplemental Bible Drill consists in learning the Books of the Bible with their groups and in memorizing the choicest portions of Scripture. Thirty unbroken minutes are given to the study of the lesson. Each class has a blank book, in which is posted each week a picture, illustrating the lesson. The scholars take this book home alternately and write a story of the preceding lesson. This book will form a neat and interesting basis for a quarterly review.

The classes have also been using with success a series of "Look Up Questions" published by D. C. Cook & Co. These questions are distributed a week in advance, and tend to arouse interest with the scholars. The Superintendent's Review of the Lesson has been simplified and made interesting by the use of a Chalk Talk Design, also published by Cook & Co.

The Makawao Foreign Church is set upon a hill. May the light of its Sunday School be shed abroad over the whole Island of Maui.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

We are glad to acknowledge our indebtedness to "The Ohio Sunday School Worker," through its Editor, Rev. Joseph Clark, D. D., for the use of our frontispiece, "An Eventide Sunday in Child Nature." Such a sweet little girl with her Teddy and bottle, certainly makes an attractive study.

THE LESSONS FOR 1908.

The year 1908 has six months' studies in John's Gospel and six months' in "The United Kingdom." An important book in the New Testament and a brilliant period in the old.

KAUAI NOTES.

Mr. Lydgate's plan of distributing Sunday School instruction to teachers at various points on the Island is meeting with much favor. Once a month he imparts such instruction in Hawaiian at Hanapepe, Lihue and Kilauea. Large classes avail themselves of the privilege.

The Lihue Sunday School is erecting a commodious and comfortable building specially for the primary classes. The School is in a very flourishing condition owing very largely to the interest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rice and family.

Mr. W. H. Rice, President of the Sunday School Association has been making a tour of Kauai in the interest of the work. He was accompanied by Mr. David Kapahee of Koloa.

The attention of Sunday Schools is called to the use of cloth black

boards. They can be bought by the yard and are very convenient and inexpensive.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS THE WORLD AROUND

is the title of the official report of the World's Fifth Sunday School Convention held in Rome, May, 1907. It is a book consisting of 350 pages, profusely illustrated, cloth bound and costing one dollar.

It will contain: Boston's Reception and Meeting; "Romanic" and "Neckar" story; sketch of the Convention; Fac-simile of President Roosevelt's letter; The Convention Addresses, including Dr. F. B. Meyer, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Bishop Hartzell and Rev. Dr. J. Gordon Gray of Rome. There will be reports from 27 countries, the Coliseum Meeting; the World's Sunday School statistics and a list of delegates with other features. Every Sunday School library ought to own a copy. The book may be ordered from The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia. Price \$1.00.

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, after many years experience, says: "Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples. They drop long before harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins smoking before his fifteenth year never enters in the life of the world. When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and undertaker."

FOR THE YOUNGER READERS.

CATCHING THE LEADER OF THE GANG.

"Hi, there! Give us er shy at yer hat, mister?"

"All right! Fire away!"

The man and the boy faced each other. The man's bowed form straightened; his face, lined a moment before with anxious thought, glowed genially. The broad, mischievous grin on the boy's face spread into open-eyed incredulity as he stared. The handful of gravel dropped.

"Don't yer see the gentleman's waitin,' Tom?"

"Yer don't git er shiny hat like that ter w'ack at ev'ry day!"

Tom turned on the boys. His lips curled scornfully. "Think I'd waste me powder on a tame buck like that?"

"Thank you," said the gentleman, lifting his silk hat with courtly gravity as he passed.

"Well, good-by, fellers—I'm off!" said Tom abruptly. "Meet me ter-night at ten, an' I'll read yer me notes."

Tom sauntered on, but when he was out of sight of the boys his mood changed. He was alert now. His eyes were fixed on the man whose frank comradeship had started within him that glow of admiration that was tingling through every nerve of his body.

On they went around corners, through alleys and streets, even

unto the top of a high hill. The man went up the steps of a handsome house—the door opened and shut.

Across the street, up and down, patiently walked Tom, but whenever he turned, by some strange twist of his anatomy, one eye was always on that shining brass door-knob. It happened that just as Tom was passing the house the door opened.

Again the man and the boy stood face to face. There was, however, no recognition on the man's part, so greatly had that one hour's pursuit of his hero changed Tom's whole expression. But the divine will that these two should meet was not thwarted, because this servant was found "ready to co-operate with the living God" when the opportunity for service came. Absorbed though he was in mentally watching his own plans for usefulness fall to naught, nevertheless, as he looked down into Tom's eager, staring, longing eyes, he said simply and intuitively, as one speaks when the line of communication between his soul and his Master is not crossed by selfish purpose or by reason, "You wish to see me? Come in."

"Yep—no! Year don't know who yer vitin' inter yer house!"

"But I feel that you wish to see me. Come in."

Tom's earnestness carried him

up the steps. "No foolin'! I'm Tom the Terror—leader of that gang they can't ketch."

The man's face brightened. "A leader, did you say? That's just what I'm longing for. Come in Tom—do."

"Let go me hand? Are yer deef? Some folks call me the very divil himself!"

"Ah! I'm glad to meet you. I think the Lord must have sent you in answer to my prayer."

"Tom, you say you're a leader."

"Yep, but I told yer w'at of."

"Never mind what of. When one has qualities that make him a leader of men, where he shall lead them may always be a matter of choice. Did you hear, Tom?"

"Um," nodded Tom.

"The greatest need of the world today is leaders"—the man paused—"leaders in the path of righteousness, Tom."

"Guess there's no sech place down our way."

"Two months ago, Tom, I started a mission school—down your way. In spite of my love and work, it's a failure. I've just come from there. I'm utterly discouraged"—

"Look-a-here," burst in Tom, "'twas my kids that broke yer lock an' tore up yer books, an' took the insides out of yer clock, an' stopped yer music. But I'll tell yer w'at I'll do—I'll set me kids ter work ter patch up yer books, an' I'll mend t'other things meself—'cause they're yourn."

"Ah, how kind of you! But the boys—will they do it, Tom?"

"Do it! Ain't I their leader? I don't have no foolin' w'en I lead!"

"No, Tom—I'm sure of that."

That's why I want you to work for me. I've been trying to find these very boys for months, but without success. You already know them—

you acknowledge you're their leader. Now, instead of leading them into evil ways, lead them into the path of righteousness. Will you, Tom?"

"Maybe I would if I knowed the way meself."

"Well, Tom, you're not only taking the first step, but you're leading the boys, too, when you get them to repair the mischief they've done."

"Well I can't see no further ahead'n that fust step, Gin'ral."

"You'll learn the way as you walk in it. Kneel here with me, Tom, while I tell my Master that you've come to serve him for the rest of your life."

Tom knelt. Perhaps he knelt simply because that friendly touch on his shoulder was the dearest thing in his life, but when he rose from that brief act of consecration he had caught his first glimpse of the light that shineth along the path of righteousness.

"I promised ter read me notes ter the kids ter-night, an' I will, but I'll read 'em a new kind of notes, begorry," grinned Tom.

"Now stop yer worryin' 'bout them kids. 'Fore you know it, you'll see all five of 'em settin' in the frontest row, listenin' ter yer talk wid all the ears and mouths in their

heads. An'—oh, Gin'ral, now I've taken all yer troubles on me own shoulders, can't yer let out some of yer nice smiles a little, jus' a little?"

The grave, quivering face broke into the genial smile of comradeship that had won Tom's heart a few hours before.

"That's it! Keep it a-goin' till I come back ter-morrow wid me notes. Good-by, Gin'ral."

"Good-by, Tom till tomorrow."

At the foot of the steps Tom turned. The boy of the street that needed this man and the man of God that needed Tom looked for a moment steadily into each other's faces. In that glance of mutual helpfulness the spiritual balance of the world was struck.—Caroline F. Needham, in *S. S. Times*.

A BEAUTIFUL FLAVOR.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Four chocolates seemed so many! Cora arranged them in another row on the doorstep and counted them again. Four—there was no mistake. It seemed incomprehensible to Cora that *four* chocolates could have been thrown away in a paper bag. Two, perhaps, or even three—but four!

Cora wore a little woolly red tam o' shanter, a coat too small and shoes too big. But no one was happier than Cora, counting her chocolates on the doorstep. She had found the bag twisted and cast aside on the sidewalk.

"Purtend they's soldiers marchin' toward the enemy," she played. "I'm him! They's comin'—comin'

—nearer'n' nearer! Right up to the cannon's mouth!" She laughed delightedly at her own wit. But the little fat black soldiers were quite safe yet awhile. It would never do to eat them as soon as this.

The four little chocolates went back into the twisted bag and were carried about all day and slept with Cora in her hard little bed all night. She planned a great many plans for eating them. At first she thought she would eat one every day, but that seemed too often. She decided upon one every other day. Then one day, in a sudden hunger for the little black things, she resolved to eat every one of them that day—that morning—that hour!

"I'll walk round the square three times, waterin' my mouth, then the fourth time I'll eat 'em all."

But there were still preliminaries. She pondered them as she walked around the squalid "square."

But things were to happen before Cora ate even the first precious little chocolate. She was to happen, on her first round of the square, upon Barney Grogan's lean old horse surrounded by a jeering circle of men and boys. The heavy cart was stuck hub-deep in the mud and Old Hundred refused to move it, or could not with his starved old muscles.

"That's it! That's it! Lick him again, Barney; give him a good un this time!" jeered an onlooker. Others joined in derisively:

"Try it again, Old Skin-An'-Bones! Lick him again, Barney! Go it, both on ye!"

Cora's heart beat in great thumping strokes. Her thin little face sharpened still more, and a sea of red blood boiled up about her freckles till they swam in it like little brown islands. She clinched her fingers about the twisted paper bag. With sudden leaps she sprang to the side of the old horse.

"Barney, you stop an' I'll make him go—honest I will," cried Cora, resorting to pleading in her agony for Old Hundred.

A way had occurred to her to do it, but it was a hard way. Her little red face grew white at the thought of it. Could she, for Old Hundred? To her this little struggle was a very big one. She forgot the jeering, cheering boys and men—when Old Hundred groaned she forgot Barney and the little cat that was dead. She opened the paper bag and took out a chocolate. Hurrying ahead of the old horse she held it out.

"Come, come, come!" she coaxed. "It's good, Old Hundred. Pull awful hard an' come!"

It may have been the gentle little voice with pity in it and love, it may have been the chocolate held out temptingly—whichever it was the old horse gave a mighty heave of his beaten old frame. The wheels creaked but did not move forward.

"Splendid!" encouraged the little voice. "Here, you shall have this one to pay you. See how good it is—there, now try again for this one. Try again, Old Hundred!"

"Again! Please, again! Once more, Old Hundred!"

The men were cheering. Cora thrust the second chocolate under the great nose and darted forward with a third.

The third time the wheels revolved. With a mighty effort, Old Hundred, every muscle strained, pulled the cart out of the mudhole, and the third chocolate was his. Cora had succeeded where blows and curses failed.

A little later, back on her own doorstep, Cora sat taking dainty nibbles of the last-of-all chocolate. She took very tiny, long, enjoying ones. It was a beautiful chocolate drop. Cora thought it had a fine flavor, but she did not know it was flavored with the joy of doing a good deed. It was a very little chocolate—all that was left of four. But the child on the doorstep ate the last crumb with a smack of little red lips.

"It was the *best* choc'late!" she said.—*Congregationalist*.

STRONG WORDS BUT TRUE.

In introducing Messrs. Schaufler, Price, Pleoubet, Lawrance, Heinz, Warren and Hartshorn to the Reception of Rome Delegates at Boston, last April, the chairman, Hon. Samuel B. Capen, LL. D., said:

"These gentlemen are leaders, and they are giving time and thought and labor, without stint or compensation, in preparing the Sunday-school literature which we need and the lessons which we study, by hundreds of millions of pages in circulation all over the world. Blot out the work which these gentlemen are doing, and what has been done during the past twenty-five years, and you would have put back the coming of the kingdom by a century."

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

E. W. THWING, Superintendent.

A BOAT JOURNEY IN SOUTH CHINA.

We began our voyage on Pearl River southward. Our boat had two bed-rooms, a kitchen and dining room. The latter had eight windows and made a pleasant sitting room. There were twelve of us, including captain, cook and six boatmen. The first afternoon we ran on a flat rock in the river and had to wait five hours for high water to float off. The next morning we stopped at Chan Tsun and I had my first experience in selling bibles. It was quite interesting work. We next entered the silk district, where thousands are engaged rearing the silkworm. Along the shores are extensive mulberry plantations. On the leaves of the shrub the silkworm feeds.

At the village of Wong Sing Mr. H. and I landed and walked along the shore to sell bibles, intending to keep the boat in sight. We gave the boatmen no directions as to where they should stop for us. We got so interested in our work when we got into the town that we forgot all about the boat. The time went by faster than we thought, and soon it was evening. We looked for our boat, but no boat was to be seen. We had missed it and saw that it would be difficult to find it again. Feeling anxious we hurried along. It would have made you laugh to have seen us, two foreigners, scud-

ding along the dark narrow streets of that Chinese town, dogs barking at our heels and small boys shouting after us. The natives looked out of their doors in astonishment at us, wondering why these "foreigners" were going through their streets at such a rate; but we did not stop to offer apology or explanation. We only desired to get to our boat before it was quite dark, which we had the good fortune to accomplish, much to our relief. We concluded to be more careful another time.

At Gong Moon we met A. S., who was very happy to see me again, and invited us to his home at Peng Leong, about ten miles away, in the country. So mother took a sedan chair, the only mode of travel overland, he and I walked behind. Crowds followed us through the streets of Gong Moon, and watched us with wondering eyes as we passed over the fields into the country. There are no fine roads, only a raised path, a foot wide, between the fields. Many strange and curious sights met our eyes as we trudged along; the queer plowing in the fields, the little huts made of fan palms, hillsides covered with horseshoe shaped tombs, a procession of gaily dressed people marching to temple worship to the sound of clanging musical instruments, and other novel sights attracted our attention.

After two or three hours' brisk walking between the hills and mountains, we reached the village, completely hidden by the hills from the plains below. It has about 2,000 population. Our entry created a great sensation, as many probably had never seen foreigners before. They pressed about us and seemed greatly pleased at the strange sight. Two rude bamboo chairs were found for us to sit in. Then the natives poured in and soon filled the place, some climbing a ladder to look over the heads of others. They inspected our hats, shoes, buttons and clothing. As I drew out my notebook to write, they stared over my shoulder to see the strange characters and method of writing.

Ordinary houses have two rooms to shelter the household, both higher and lower animals in common. This was one of the best and had three rooms. The room in which we were, was about as large as a small parlor; the sitting room, dining room, store room, all in one. The floor was clay. The walls were mud, stones and mortar. The broad entrance is open all the time, except at night.

After sitting awhile and interesting the crowd of aborigines, A. S. took us through the town to a new house he was building. We were followed by a great number, young and old, some running ahead to get a better view of our faces, as we passed along the narrow, winding alleys, four or five feet across, paved with irregular stones. The

new house is better than the old, having four rooms, though built of mud and mortar.

Supper was served by A. S. I wish you could have seen us seated with his family around the little low stand on which our meal was spread.

It was a picture! Grouped about us we could see in the dim shadows of night the outlines of the crowd without that could not be induced to leave. A saucer of oil fed a burning wick, and this just served to make darkness visible. It gave our faces a fire-light hue that Culverhouse would have delighted to paint.

A. S. asked a blessing on the humble repast, a strange act in a heathen village. Each of us ate with chop sticks, orthodox fashion, helping ourselves from one common dish. After supper was over we conversed awhile, and then all retired for the night. It was a great joy to stop in this little village far in the interior and see the influence for good of just a few Christian men who had come back to China from America.

The Sunday School work among the Chinese in America and Hawaii has done much to make little centers of Christian light in many parts of South China.

E. W. T.

A CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA.

Rev. L. F. Jones, who was a fellow student with Mr. Thwing at Princeton, and is now a Missionary

in Alaska, writes from Juneau of his last Christmas entertainment:

"A blizzard is raging. We got our mail reaky for the Dolphin which is groping her way down the dark and stormy channel. Our Indians arranged all their own Christmas entertainment. An Indian drilled the brass band and trained the choir, they put up the decorations,—did everything,—and we had a splendid entertainment."

IDOL TEMPLES BECOMING CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. A SUPERINTENDENT'S POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.

A missionary writes from China: "After the Boxer infatuation has passed, when indemnities were being paid over, some of the villages turned over land and temples to our mission, having no more use for the helpless idols. In one such village we own six temples, and in one of these one room is used for a chapel and another for a boys' school. In this village a daily evening prayer meeting is held, with an attendance of from thirty to forty men and boys. In another village a little over a mile from there a new chapel was dedicated in October and the Christians from these two and other nearby villages meet on alternate Sundays in this chapel that was once an idol temple."

A CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Fort Street Sunday School is one of the live Christian organizations of Honolulu. Its life is shown in its activity, for its officers, believing that activity is the great

preservative of life, have planned special fields for action for each member. The interests of the school are not entirely self-centered, although it guards its own with jealous care. It has the true missionary spirit and supports its own worker in China. They received a letter last month in regard to the work of their missionary, and expect soon to send on the money for his support for the coming year.

Patient: With his teachers and their shortcomings. With his scholars and their waywardness. With the parents and their lack of interest.

Persistent: Never showing discouragement. Never scolding but always "up and at it," determined to succeed.

Prompt: This means a few minutes early, in time to greet teachers and scholars as they arrive. Begin promptly; close on time.

Planning: Every day for the improvement of his school in every possible way.

Progressive: Thinking out new plans, and as ready to adopt approved ones from brother superintendents.

Pleasant: How much this means! and how many "rays of sunshine" have been carried to cheerless homes by the pleasant superintendent or teacher.

Polite: True politeness to scholars on the street and in the school will make your work easier. Politeness will act as a lubricator.

Pushing: Never let your school get ahead of you. Keep always in the lead, then say: Come, and be sure they do come.

Prayer: Daily for his pastor, his teachers and his scholars. Big prayers, then working to answer your own prayers.

Practical: If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*Our Young Folks.*

BIBLE STUDY DEPARTMENT.

International Sunday School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1908.

Jan. 5—The Word Made Flesh.....	John 1: 1-18
Jan. 12—Jesus and John the Baptist.	John 1:19-34
Jan. 19—Jesus and His First Disciples	John 1:35-51
Jan. 26—Jesus Cleanses the Temple.	John 2:13-22
Feb. 2—Jesus the Saviour of the World.....	John 3: 1-21
Feb. 9—Jesus and the Woman of Samaria	John 4: 1-42
Feb. 16—Jesus Heals the Nobleman's Son.....	John 4:43-54
Feb. 23—Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda	John 5: 1-18
Mar. 1—Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand	John 6: 1-21
Mar. 8—Jesus the Bread of Life.....	John 6:22-51
Mar. 15—Jesus Heals a Man Born Blind.....	John 9
Mar. 22—Review.....	
Mar. 29—Temperance Lesson.....	Prov. 23:29-25

Lesson I. John 1:1-19. Jan. 5.

The Word Made Flesh.

Golden Text—The word was made flesh and dwelt among us.—John 1:14.

Central Thought—Jesus Christ, the Supreme Revelation of God.

Lesson Truths—(1) Christ's life alone is the light of men living in the darkness of sin. (2) Christ came unto His own, His own world, and His own children: they received Him not. Have we a welcome for Him? (3) The law was given by Moses, but grace—undeserved love—and truth—"the expression of the thought of God"—came through Jesus Christ.

* DAILY READINGS AND TOPICS.

M. Dec. 30—John 1:1-18.	The Word Made Flesh.
T. Dec. 31—Isa. 11:1-10.	Isaiah's Prophecy.
W. Jan. 1—Heb. 2:9-18.	Taking Our Nature.
T. Jan. 2—Phil. 2:1-11.	Christ's Humility.
F. Jan. 3—John 1:1.	The Word of Life.
S. Jan. 4—John 8:12-20.	Light of the World.
S. Jan. 5—John 17:1-11.	One with God.

* From the International Bible Reading Association I. B. R. A.

Lesson II. John 1:19-34. Jan. 12.

Jesus and John the Baptist.

Golden Text—Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. John 1:29.

Time: A. D. 27. Place: Betharaba.

Central Thought—Much of the world is dying today for lack of John's vision—"Behold the Lamb of God."

Lesson Truths—(1) John became a mere voice that his Master might increase. (2) That voice did what we can do: sink self and call men to God. (3) John had learned how to renounce and not be embittered. (4) People often see only what they look for. John beheld the great sacrifice.

DAILY READINGS AND TOPICS

M. Jan. 6—John 1:19-34.	Jesus and John the Baptist.
T. Jan. 7—Isa. 40:1-10.	The Voice.
W. Jan. 8—Matt. 11:7-15.	Christ's Witness to John.
T. Jan. 9—Mark 1:1-11.	The Witness from Heaven.
F. Jan. 10—Matt. 17:1-13.	The Beloved Son.
S. Jan. 11—John 3:23-36.	Believing and Life.
S. Jan. 12—1 Peter 1:13-21.	Redeemed by Blood.

Lesson III. John 1:35-51. Jan. 19.

Jesus and His First Disciples.

Golden Text—We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth.

Time: Feb. A. D. 27. Place: Betharaba.

Central Thought—Jesus won men that these men might in turn, win others to know him.

Lesson Truths—(1) Having heard Jesus speak, the two disciples followed Him. (2) Men want to see before they come; Jesus says: "Come and see." (3) Andrew little realized the value of his catch: Peter the Rock. (3) Personal work begins in our own homes. Have we any dear ones out of Christ? (5) There is no work in all the Kingdom to compare with "Fishing for men."

DAILY READINGS AND TOPICS.

M. Jan. 13—John 1:35-51.	Jesus and His First Disciples.
T. Jan. 14—Matt. 4:12-22.	The Second Call.
W. Jan. 15—Matt. 9:1-13.	The Call of Matthew.
T. Jan. 16—Luke 9:18-26.	True Disciples.
F. Jan. 17—John 15:1-16.	Chosen to Service.
S. Jan. 18—John 12:12-26.	Serving and following.
S. Jan. 19—Matt. 19:23-30.	Reward of Service.

Lesson IV. John 2:13-22. Jan. 26.

Jesus Cleanses the Temple.

Golden Text—Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, forever.—Ps. 93:5.

Time: April A. D. 27. Place: Jerusalem.

Central Thought—Those who join the Church for any other purpose than for worshipping Him in spirit and in truth, make the Father's house a house of merchandise.

Lesson Truths: (1) God cannot live in an unclean house—or heart. (2) There is great need that the lesson of reverence for God, and for parents be learned anew today. (3) Do not mistake bad temper for righteous indignation. (4) In the face of wrong, the Christian must rebuke sin.

DAILY READINGS AND TOPICS.

- M Jan. 20—John 2:13-22. Jesus Cleanses the Temple.
 T. Jan. 21—Mark 11:11-19. Another Cleansing.
 W. Jan. 22—Chron. 29:1-11, 15-19. Hezekiah's Good Deed.
 T. Jan. 23—2 Chron. 34:1-11. Josiah Cleanses the Temple.
 F. Jan. 24—2 Chron. 6:12-21. The House of Prayer.
 S. Jan. 25—Psalm 84. Longing for God's House.
 S. Jan. 26—Rev. 21:22-27. No Defilement.

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN

It was not on the field of battle,
 It was not with a ship at sea;
 But a fate far worse than either
 That stole him away from me:
 'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
 That the reason and senses drown;
 He drank the alluring poison,
 And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
 To the depths of disgrace and sin;
 Down to the worthless being, [been,
 From the hopes of what might have
 For the brand of a drunkard besotted,
 He bartered his manhood's crown:
 Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
 My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
 That mothers so often tell
 With accents of infinite sadness,
 Like the tones of a funeral bell;
 But I never thought once when I heard it,
 I should learn all its meaning myself;
 I thought he'd be true to his mother,
 I thought he'd be true to himself.

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But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
 Alas for his youthful pride!
 Alas! who are safe when such danger
 Is open on every side?
 Oh! can nothing destroy this great evil?
 No help in their pathway be thrown,
 To save from the terrible maelstrom
 The thousands of boys going down?

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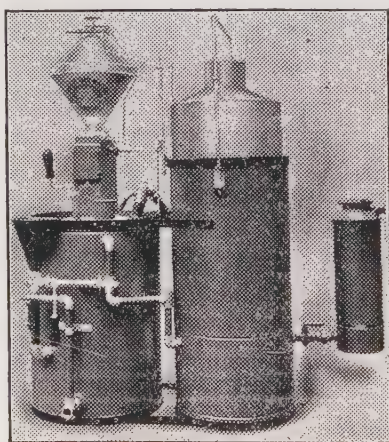
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STATIONS		A. M. PAS.	PAS. FRT.	P. M. PAS.	PAS.	STATIONS		A. M. PAS.	FRT. ONLY	P. M. PAS.
Kahului	Leave	7.00	2.00	Kahului	Leave	6.20	1.20
Wailuku	Arrive	7.12	2.12	Puunene	Arrive	6.35	1.35
Wailuku	Leave	7.20	2.20	Puunene	Leave	6.40	1.40
Kahului	Arrive	7.32	2.32	Kahului	Arrive	6.55	1.55
Kahului	Leave	7.35	9.40	2.35	5.10	Kahului	Leave	8.10	9.45	3.10
Sp'ville	Arrive	7.47	9.55	2.47	5.22	Puunene	Arrive	8.25	10.00	3.25
Sp'ville	Leave	7.50	10.15	2.50	5.25	Puunene	Leave	8.30	10.30	3.30
Paia	Arrive	8.05	10.35	3.05	5.40	Kahului	Arrive	8.45	10.45	3.45
Paia	Leave	8.15	10.50	3.15	5.45	Kahului	Leave	9.45
Sp'ville	Arrive	8.35	3.35	Puunene	Arrive	10.00
Sp'ville	Leave	8.40	3.40	Puunene	Leave
Kahului	Arrive	8.52	11.30	3.52	6.05	Camp 5	Arrive	10.30
Kahului	Leave	8.55	1.00	3.55	Kihai	Arrive	11.15
Wailuku	Arrive	9.10	1.15	4.10	Kihai	Leave	11.30
Wailuku	Leave	9.20	1.35	4.15	Kihai trains Tuesday only and carry freight only.				
Kahului	Arrive	9.35	1.50	4.30					

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